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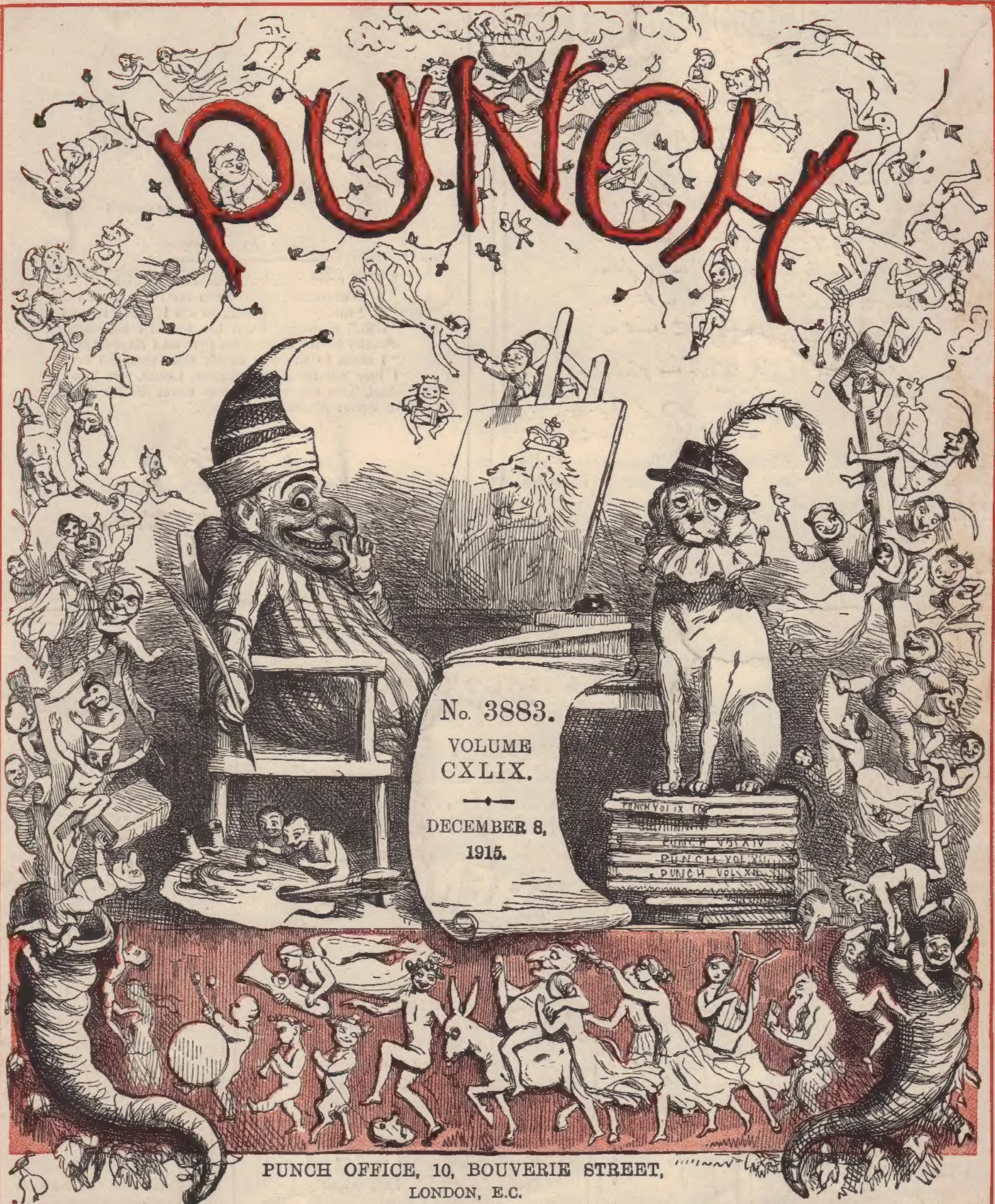
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charged with indelible ink—and
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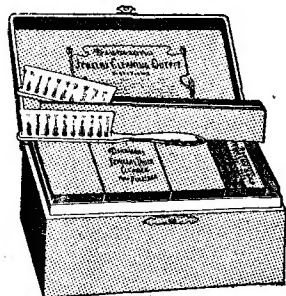
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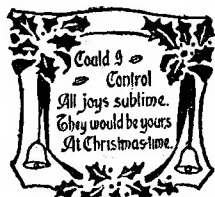
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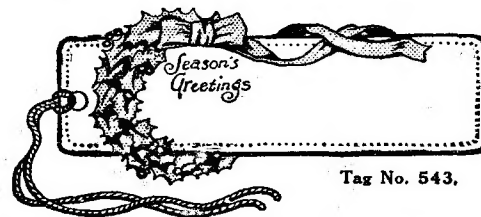


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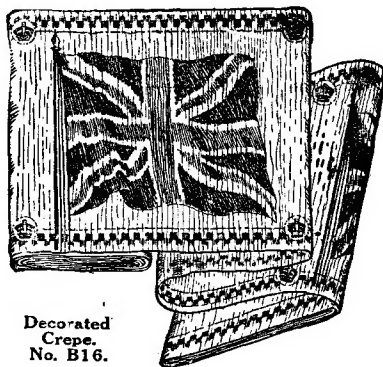


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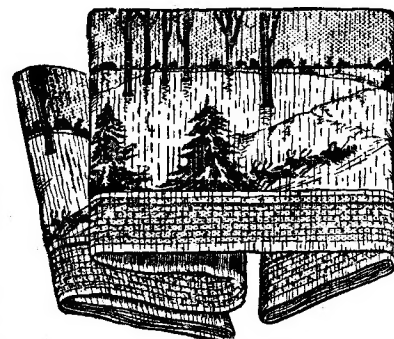


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She dropped one on her way,
And now she's chased by scores of Dogs,
Who want some every day.



"They come as a boon and a blessing to men
The Pickwick, the Owl and the Waverley Pen"

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Cuticura Soap Most Soothing
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Modern social conditions,
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taken at regular intervals will
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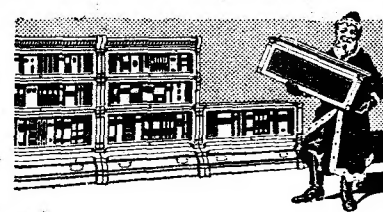


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Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Bookcase

You can give one unit or several. The illustration shows the idea—a bookcase made up of individual units which may be arranged in various ways and others added as desired.

These bookcases have many advantages over others. Booklet 68B gives full particulars. Packing Free.—Orders of £2 Carriage Paid to any Goods Station in the British Isles.

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“Put away that old paper, and let me give you one of my own Kenilworth Cigarettes. You can’t be feeling humpy and smoking a Kenilworth at the same time.”

*Kenilworths are the most soothing
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You have only to open a Kenilworth to see how beautifully it is made. You have

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You will find that Kenilworth Cigarettes compare favourably with the most expensive brands you can buy in Bond Street, and yet they only cost 1/- for 20. All good tobacconists keep them.

PRICES.—1/- for 20, 2/4 for 50, 4/8 for 100. If your Tobacconist does not stock them, send his name and address and 1/- in stamps for sample box post free.

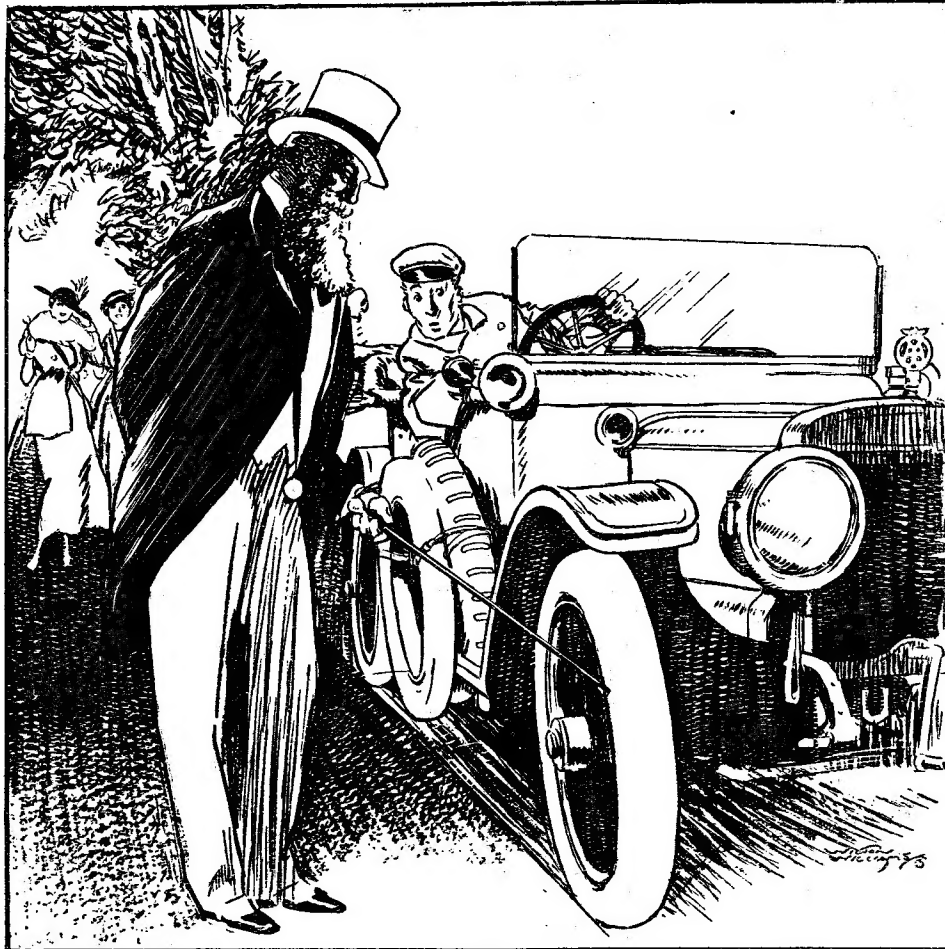
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Manufacturers of High Class Cigarettes





Dunlop: "About time you fitted a Steel-studded Non-skid isn't it?"

Driver: "What, on the front wheel sir?"

Dunlop: "Certainly, front and back, one Steel-studded and one Grooved cover on each pair of wheels."

Driver: "What's the idea?"

Dunlop: "To prevent a front as well as a rear skid, and to be prepared for all weathers. A Steel-studded cover grips where an all-rubber tread doesn't, and vice-versa. It is much the best all-round plan. Try it."

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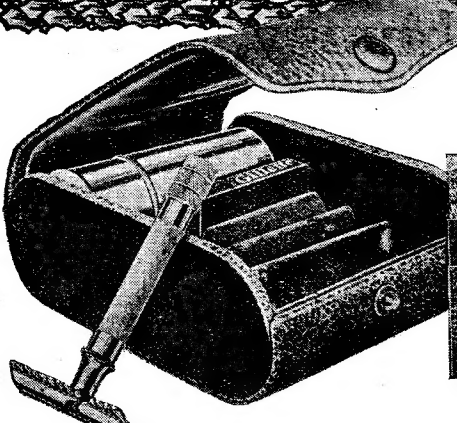
Founders of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry throughout the World,

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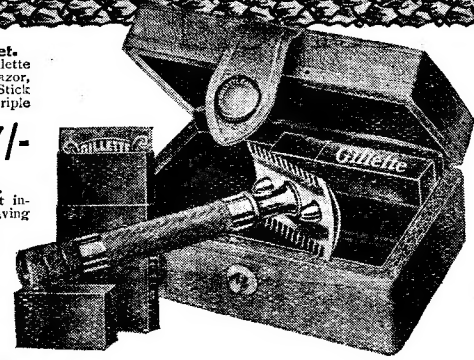
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Best Wishes



Gillette Combination Set.
One of the most popular of Gillette Sets. Has Triple Silver-plated Razor, Badger Hair Shaving Brush and Stick of Gillette Shaving Soap in Triple Silver-plated holders; and two Blade Boxes with 12 double-edged Gillette Blades (24 shaving edges). Seal Grain Leather Case.

27/-



Gillette Standard Set.
The original Gillette Set that introduced the Modern way of shaving—no stropping, no honing—known the world over. Contains Triple Silver-plated Razor; Blade Boxes with 12 double-edged Gillette Blades (24 shaving edges). The whole contained in Morocco Grain Case.

21/-

TRADE **Gillette** MARK

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

GIVE a man a Gillette, and it becomes the biggest little thing in his life. More than a gift, the Gillette is a *service*. It makes his shaving just what he has always *wanted* it to be—easy, smooth and quick. You are just the person to give him one for Christmas.

Ask at any shop where razors are sold to see the Gillette sets in their handsome gift cases. Thirty different styles to choose from. Prices One Guinea to £10. **BRITISH MADE.** Write for illustrated Catalogue post free. Mention "Punch."

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR LTD., 200, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, LONDON, W.

CHARIVARIA.

WHEN in Vienna the German KAISER had his portrait painted by an Austrian artist, and the *Neue Freie Presse*, in describing the picture, says, "The face, as represented by Schmutzer, is an open book." A book that wants binding—in Russia, for choice.

In reply to representations made by the Roman Catholics of Germany on behalf of the Armenians, the IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR has replied that "the German Government, in friendly communication with the Turkish Government, has been at constant pains to better the situation of Turkey's Christian subjects." Thanks to this friendly intervention half-a-million Armenians will never suffer again from Turkish misrule.

It is *lèse-majesté* in Germany to criticise unfavourably any composition of the WAR LORD. Privately however, the IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR is said to have remarked that the Imperial telegram of congratulation on his birthday, "which, unfortunately, you celebrate for the second time in this war," was slightly ambiguous.

In connection with the recent changes in the Austrian Ministry it is stated that the Austrian Parliament has never met since the beginning of the War. The inference that this alone has enabled Austria to hold out so long receives no support down Westminster way.

From the list of Christmas books issued by the German publishers there would appear to be an extensive demand for British sea-stories, such works as *Robinson Crusoe*, *Treasure Island* and *The Pirate* being freely advertised, though of course in translations. It is suspected that these books are issued by the German Admiralty to the sailors in the Kiel Canal, in order to give them a notion of the ocean.

With the fervour of a renegade Herr HOUSTON CHAMBERLAIN insists that German, not English, must become the universal language, and says, "People must learn to see that he who does not speak German is a pariah." The choice, as he puts it, is between the gutter and the guttural; but are these terms mutually exclusive?

A Berlin Professor, lecturing on the use of trees as fodder; stated that experiments have already been made in

feeding dogs with beech-wood. It is hoped that in time these intelligent animals will be trained to subsist upon their own bark.

LORD KITCHENER has been justly complimented on the amount of travelling that he accomplished during his three weeks' absence from London. But his exploits sink into insignificance beside those of his colleagues. They were all over *The Globe* in half the time.

The latest story from the Front (not submitted to the Press Bureau). A British airman had trouble with his engine and was obliged to come down in the German lines. There two Ger-

how she got it, she replied, "We were asked who the British were now fighting for. The other girls said, 'The Belgians,' but I said, 'The Serviettes,' and they gave me the medal."

Extract of a letter from a soldier to his home:—"All the French boys and girls can say 'Souvenir.' It is the only English word they know."

An unnecessarily gloomy view of the new War Bonds is taken by *The Aberdeen Evening Gazette*, when it says: "The money will be fully returned to us some day; but that, except we are very young, will only be after we have been a long time dead." Our Scottish contemporary is on safer ground when it asserts that certain classes "would invest more freely in War Loans if the vouchers were made liquid."

LORD HALDANE has uttered a surely otiose warning against entering at this time into peace negotiations with the ruling junta in Germany, on the ground that they may go back now in order to leap again later on. As he very properly says, "We do not intend to have any leaping again later on." Lord HALDANE as an eligible bachelor is now expected to move that 1916 be dropped from the calendar.

One of our social chroniclers tells us that a titled lady has recently undergone an operation, "performed by a specialist who prefers to be known as plain Mr. Blank." It is a curious whim, but he has, of course, constant occasion to realise that beauty is only skin

deep.

A wounded soldier, writing from hospital, said, "DEAR MOTHER,—Please label my fruit cake 'socks' if you want it to get to me."

A British consular officer, returning from the Far East on a Japanese liner, was startled, on nearing port one day, to read the following notice, signed by the Purser: "All Consuls will be opened from 9 A.M. in the morning."

"MR. FRY'S SECRET."

... the girl's head in numtives whom he once on a time wholeheartedly encouraged to remain in a tadpole condition as far as their art was concerned. It took us some time to discover the underlying meaning of his show."

Morning Paper.

The girl was a mermaid—that is clear enough. But we are fairly floored by "numtives."



NOVEL CHRISTMAS GIFT.

TO ENABLE YOUR MALE FRIENDS TO FORGET ALL THEIR NO-TREATING, EARLY-CLOSING WORRIES.

man staff officers arrested him, and, having had the engine put right, insisted, with menacing pistols, on his taking them up to reconnoitre. Arrived over the British lines, the airman, who had taken the precaution to strap himself in, looped the loop. Out fell the Germans; and down he came in triumph.

Some anxiety was felt as to the ability of Major CHURCHILL to stand the rigours of the trenches. But it was quite superfluous. One of his brother-officers has described how, on the very first night of his arrival, after consuming the ordinary rations in a fireless dug-out, "he warmed up and talked interestingly for an hour." So long as he can impart information he's all right.

A little girl came home from school the other day with a medal. Asked

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XXXI.

(From MAXIMILIAN HARDEN, Editor of the "Zukunft.")

SIR,—It has rather been my custom to criticise Kings and Emperors in the columns of my paper than to address them directly by means of a letter. Indeed, I have shrunk from allowing my name to be mixed up with those who in this age appear to me to be phantasms of the world-brain called up into what is only a semblance of existence, having no substance and no relation to reality. Still, even these shadowy appearances that flit across the face of things have their influence. One must reckon with them in a world which is often ruled by shadows; and thus it comes that I, who am but a hardworking publicist, earning my daily bread by the labour of my pen, address myself to you, the high and mighty KAISER, whose nod is supposed to shake the spheres and whose lifted hand shatters kingdoms into ruins.

For yourself as a man I may say that I have no veneration. You are the chief of the gloomiest and coarsest Court in Europe. No attempt that has been made to lighten the darkness and to mitigate the harshness of that Court has had more than a momentary success. Now and then a young and gay-hearted princess might appear and shine for an instant, but she was immediately drawn down into the vortex and, to all intents and purposes, she disappeared. It would have needed something more than youth and smiles and innocent gaiety to resist the oppression of the combined sabre-clanking and hard pietistic influences to which the new-comer was exposed from the time of her entrance into this dreadful circle. And so it has come about that there has been no check—none, at any rate, that in the least availed—on your own baffling and impulsive personality. At one moment you would pose as the War-Lord, fierce and be-starred and be-helmeted; at another you would show yourself as the glorified huckster of world-power, intent on gaining by commercialism all that your heavy diplomacy might fail to accomplish; and then, hey—presto! you would change again and would invoke in sanctimonious accents a tribal god whom, with the aid of the narrowest and most primitive Hebraism, you had invented as joint guardian with your own exalted self of the traditions of the house of Hohenzollern.

And now the natural result of all this feverish striving and all this posturing has happened, and we Germans are at war. For sixteen months we have been at war, and the end is not yet. On all sides money and blood are poured out like water. We are determined to achieve victory, but our foes too are stubborn and are resolved at whatever cost to bring us to the ground. So the fighting and the deaths and the sufferings continue and desolation threatens the world. And in the midst of this unexampled welter, in which our earth seems to be returning to chaos, are heard faintly, but with increasing distinctness, the voices (some of them German) of those who ask for peace before universal ruin is utterly accomplished. As to this it is right that we should not deceive ourselves by indulging in a hope that nations whom we have attacked are, any of them, in the mood to lay down their arms or to cease from defending themselves and from attacking us. By our own acts we have closed the avenues that might lead to peace. If we hint that peace is now possible our enemies retort upon us the destruction of Louvain, the shattering of Belgium, the sinking of the *Lusitania*, what they call the foul murder of Nurse CAVELL—in a word, all those acts which we have performed with the justifiable intention of producing terror and thus of shortening the War and

which are now seen to recoil upon us and to lengthen the period of our sufferings. It is bad for a nation to become a victim to sentimentalism, but there are different kinds of sentimentalism, and perhaps the worst and most dangerous kind is the anti-sentimentalism of the more brutal kind of soldiers who see nothing but guns and shells and bayonets and armies, and forget that their acts may rouse a spirit against which the most powerful armaments cannot in the long run prevail.

Your faithful Editor, MAXIMILIAN HARDEN.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THOMAS.

In Summer we suffered from dust an' from flies,
The flies in our rations, the dust in our eyes,
An' some of our fellows they drooped in the 'eat,
But the Bosch, oh, the Bosch, was perspirin' a treat!

There were times when we longed for a tankard o' beer,
Bein' sick o' warm water—our tipples out 'ere,
But our tongues might be furry an' throats like a flue,
Yet it's nothin' to wot the fat Bosches went through.

Now Winter is 'ere with the wet an' the cold,
An' our rifles an' kit are a sight to be old,
An' in trenches that's flooded we tumble an' splosh,
"Wot cheer?" we remarks. "It's the same for the Bosch."

If we're standin' in two foot o' water, you see,
Quite likely the Bosches are standin' in three;
An' though the keen frost may be ticklin' our toes,
'Oo doubts that the Bosches' 'ole bodies is froze?

Are we sleepy or sick or 'arf dead for a meal?
Just think of 'ow underfed Bosches must feel!
Are we badly in need of a shave an' a wash?
Consider the 'orrible state o' the Bosch!

So 'ere 's our philosophy simple an' plain:
Wotever we 'ates in the bloomin' campaign,
'Tis balm to our souls, as we grumble an' cuss,
To feel that the Bosches are 'atin' it wuss.

Omnivorous.

After a Harvest Festival:—

"Our thanks are due . . . to those who furnish the wheat, barley, oats, bread and apples, which are afterwards greatly enjoyed by the choir boys."—*Parish Magazine*.

"O grave, where is thy victory, O death, where is thy sting?" said the great writer, Hall Caine."—*Daily Telegraph*.

But we fancy he had been anticipated.

Extract from a resolution passed by the Council of the English Kerry and Dexter Cattle Society:—

"An entry form must be filled up giving the name, colour, date of birth, names and addresses of the breeder and owner."

Owners and breeders who may object to giving these personal details will be glad to see that the resolution will require confirmation at the next Council meeting.

"Sir Arthur Priestley predicts that for years after the war the modern Hun will crawl about the world like the parish dog in India." *Jersey Evening Post*.

Very different from the parish pump, which is a fixture.

Impending Apology.

In a report of a recent discussion *re* the lighting regulations as given in *Lake's Falmouth Packet*:—

"Councillor — supported the street lamp at the corner of Truro Lane."



THE POLITICAL ECONOMIST.

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT (to working-man). "LET ME SEE MORE THRIFT, MY FRIEND. *YOUR* WAGES HAVE GONE UP; WHEREAS—LOOK AT *ME*—I HAVEN'T VOTED MYSELF ANY ADDITION TO MY FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS A YEAR."



Old Gentleman (engaging new chauffeur). "I SUPPOSE I CAN WRITE TO YOUR LAST EMPLOYER FOR YOUR CHARACTER?"
 Chauffeur. "I AM SORRY TO SAY, SIR, EACH OF THE LAST TWO GENTLEMEN I HAVE BEEN WITH DIED IN MY SERVICE."

THE NEW VIVISECTION.

Few recent books have been more piquantly promising than the collection of portraits of Sir RABINDRANATH TAGORE, by Mr. ROTHENSTEIN, with a commentary by Mr. MAX BEERBOHM. That Max, the peculiarly Occidental quiz and delineator of the foibles of London's artistic and literary butterflies, should devote himself to the appreciation of the famous Indian mystic is considered to have as many elements of, let us say, surprise as often get mixed together between two covers.

This book, however, odd as it may be, does not stand alone. Other artists and critics have also been at work on similar collaborations, and we are able to some extent to outline their activities. As to the series of portrait studies of Lord NORTHCLIFFE by Herr RAEMAACKERS, with descriptive text by Sir JOHN SIMON, no information has yet reached us; and we are similarly to seek as to the more juicy particulars of a luscious septet of presentments in colour of Mr. SELFRIDGE by Mr. JOHN HASSALL, with joint appraisal by Madame DU BOCCAGE and CALLISTHENES; nor have we had any opportunity yet to examine the twelve versions of the fascinating but little-known physiog-

nomy of the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL by Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN, with analytical letter-press by Mr. W. W. JACOBS, which is so eagerly awaited by the cognoscenti.

We have, however, been favoured with advance proofs of the ten views of the more prominent facial peculiarities of Lord HALDANE by Mr. SARGENT, with a eulogy by Mr. ROGER FRY, and we can wholeheartedly recommend this *morceau*.

Mr. Fry's absorbing excursus is largely devoted to a comparison between Lord HALDANE's visage as it now is and what it might be had it been designed by an artist of pronounced futurist or even vorticist tendencies. In a scholarly aside on the superiority of the Cyclopean ideal of beauty over that commonly admired to-day, the essayist rises to lyrical heights. He shows us the Cyclops in all his savage charm, with one eye in the middle of his forehead, and then proves clearly that the precision and philosophic calm of Lord HALDANE's character made it imperative that he should have two eyes, each in the usual place on either side of the nose, no matter what the sacrifice in æsthetic rapture.

We prophesy an immense success for this extraordinary book.

A PARDONABLE ERROR.

THROUGH London lately as I went
 There smote mine ear a sound of joy,
 And, strange to say, the instrument
 Of this was but a newsman's boy
 Who plied with much reiterated bawling
 His most untuneful "calling."

When his announcement of the news
 Against my tympanum was hurled,
 I thought of Mr. BROWNING's views
 About the "rightness" of the world,
 And cried: "The wings of Nemesis
 awaken,
 And Wrong is overtaken!"

But when I neared the youth and scanned
 The flaring placard which he bore
 In one unwashed but honest hand,
 I quickly came to earth once more.
 This was the headline: "KAISER IN
 VIENNA";
 I thought he said "Gehenna."

Not a Popular Beverage.

"It is proposed to increase by about 2d. per 1,000 gallons the charges for water in Manchester. The revised scale will mean an additional annual revenue to the Corporation of £0,000."—*Gloucestershire Echo*.

ON THE SPY-TRAIL.

You don't know the Hill Farm, perhaps. Well, it is only about two miles from Jimmy's home. Jimmy goes there sometimes; not for anything in particular—he just goes there, and when you are there of course there you are, and that's how Jimmy met the farmer. He met him in the orchard; not by appointment or anything silly like that; he just happened to meet him.

Jimmy says the way the farmer kept on swishing his whip about nearly made him fall out of the apple-tree. He wished he wouldn't keep on reminding him of things like that, as it made the apples curdle on his stomach like anything.

Jimmy tried to bargain with him. He asked the farmer how many swishes he really wanted to have at him to feel quite easy in his mind about it.

When the farmer said twenty, Jimmy climbed four feet higher up and asked the farmer if he would like to hear him recite "Casabianca."

The farmer didn't care much for poetry, Jimmy says, so Jimmy asked him if five swishes, and what he would get if he caught him again, wouldn't do if he showed the farmer how to move his ears and scalp at the same time. Jimmy also offered to throw in a certain cure for freckles. But no!

Jimmy says it is very funny how everything bad you have done comes back to you when you are up a tree. Jimmy says he thought of all the mistakes he had made in dictation, and how he had said that an axiom was what the world went round on, when suddenly the farmer asked him his name, and that settled it, because the farmer had heard all about Jimmy's bloodhound Faithful and the German spies he had caught.

He told Jimmy that if he would bring his bloodhound for him to look at and show him how he caught spies, he could have as many apples as he liked.

Jimmy says it is wonderful how nice farmers are when you come to know them. The farmer told Jimmy that he was sending a man in to the town, and that Jimmy could drive in with him and bring his bloodhound back in the cart.

Jimmy says he was surprised when he went into the yard, because the man

who was harnessing the horse wore a black tail coat and bowler hat, and Jimmy had last seen him in London, where his mother took him to have a meal somewhere.

Jimmy was so surprised that he stopped eating. Jimmy knew the man at once, because when his mother took him to a restaurant when he was in London the man showed them where to sit.

The man didn't recognise Jimmy, but he told him he had come to help the farmer with his harvest. He didn't charge the farmer anything, he came because of the War, and of where England would be if he didn't.

to wear spurs, and he wished he had brought his with him. He was swanking a bit, Jimmy says.

It was one of these light spring carts, Jimmy says, without any springs, and you sat on the side instead of on a seat. Jimmy says very few vehicles passed them on the road, and most of them had to go on the path with one wheel in the ditch. One gentleman in a motor car had been playing a tune on his horn for some time before he could get past, and then he was so glad that he turned round to let them see his red face.

Jimmy got Faithful in all right, and the man told Jimmy he could drive the

horse back, because Faithful kept trying to sniff a piece out of his trousers, and he couldn't keep his eye on Faithful and on the horse.

Jimmy was very glad to drive. You see Jimmy knows all about the way to make horses go. You do it with a prickly burr, and you put it under the horse's tail for him to hold there. Jimmy knows about prickly burrs because they teach him nature study at school. He is very fond of nature study.

Jimmy says they bumped a good deal because of the springs that weren't in the cart, and the man tried to hold on to the bottom of the cart, they went so fast.

Jimmy says it was like those pictures where you take artillery into action,

except that they don't use burrs. But Jimmy was all right because the butcher boy showed him how to drive like that. Jimmy says the butcher boy always stood on the top of his cart whistling, with his hands in his pockets and then made his horse run away.

Jimmy says all you have to do is to sway with the bumps.

Jimmy says the man's bowler hat came off and began dancing about on the bottom of the cart at Faithful and daring him. Faithful soon got on its track; he chased it all round the cart and tore it limb from limb, Jimmy says, just to show it. The man didn't say anything except that they would be killed, and good-bye. He seemed a bit sea-sick, Jimmy says.

The horse was very glad to see the farmer again, it wanted him to make a pet of it and not let it out of his sight.

The farmer was surprised when he



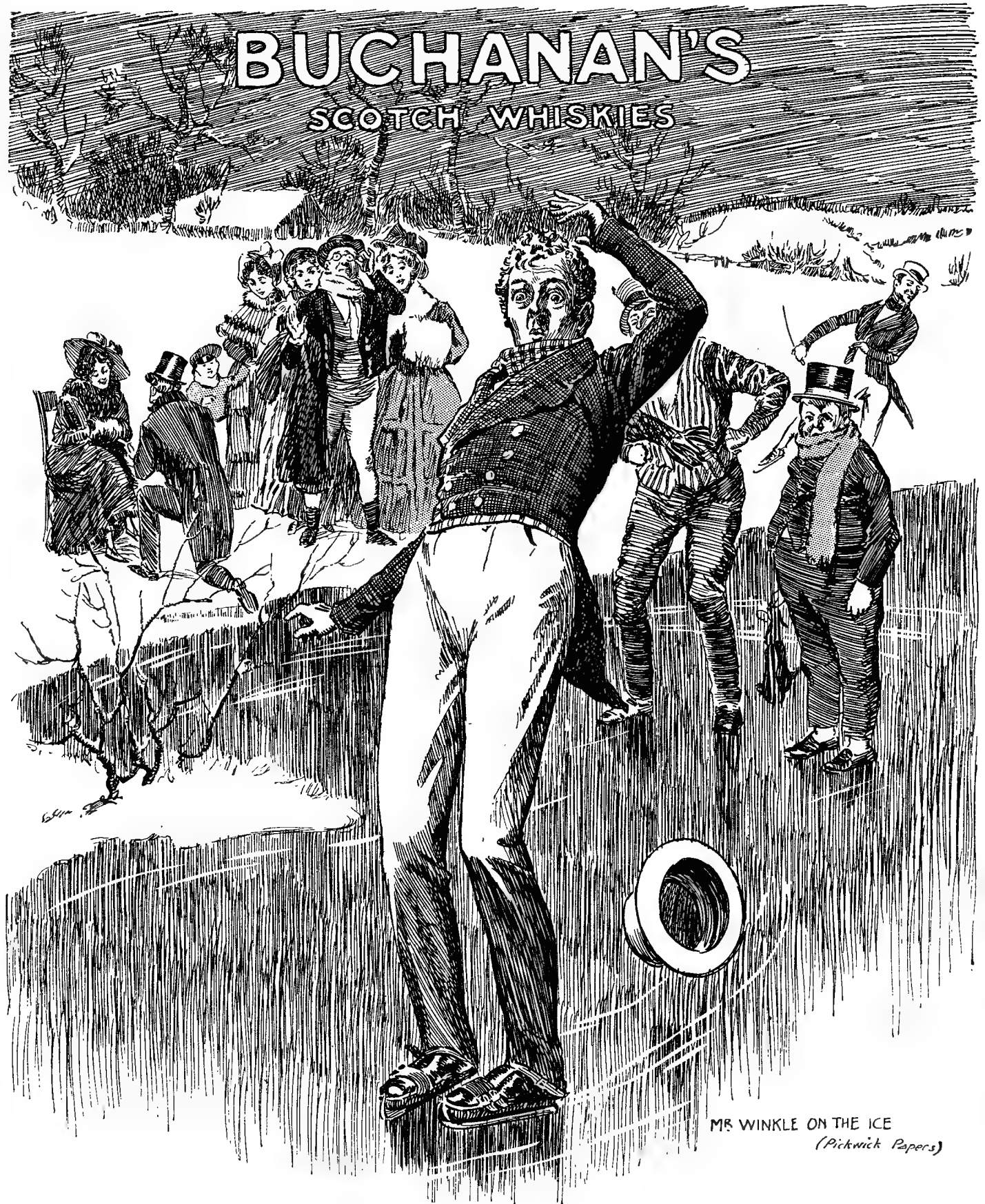
Merchant. "RATHER POOR STUFF, THIS NEW PASTE, SMITHERS."
Office Girl. "I THINK, SIR, THAT YOU ARE INADVERTENTLY USING MY COMPLEXION CREAM."

Jimmy says the man was a bit puzzled with the harness. He told Jimmy that he had got the waist-band all right, but that he couldn't find out what you buttoned the horse's braces to.

Jimmy says it was a very loving horse, and as the man was buckling the ends of the reins to the collar the horse kept trying to kiss him in the middle of the back, and the man kept saying, "Lie down, will you!" The man had had a little difficulty with the collar, Jimmy says; he said it was only a fourteen-and-a-half collar and the horse took a large seventeen.

The man had just told Jimmy that perhaps he had better undress the horse and begin all over again when the farmer came to see what was the matter. Jimmy says the farmer seemed to ease the horse's mind a lot.

On the way the man told Jimmy that he liked driving, but it was always best



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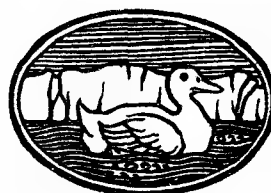


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Officer (visiting Sentry). "AND WHAT ARE YOUR DUTIES?"

Sentry (after a few minutes' hesitation). "TO PREVENT ANY UNAUTHORISED PERSON FROM ENTERING GOVERNMENT PROPERTY AND TO STOP ALL AIR RAIDS."

saw Faithful, Jimmy says, he told Jimmy that he thought he had got rather a large collar on him. But Jimmy told him it wasn't a collar; it was the leather band out of the man's hat; and it had "Otto Schmidt" written in ink on it.

Jimmy says the farmer looked at the man and then at the leather band, and then at the man again, and then at the leather band, and he kept on doing it, and then finally he looked at old Faithful, who was trying to scratch his ear off with his hind leg.

Then he said, "Dang my buttons if you bain't a German!"

"The writers agree that the British Staff officer is chosen solely for his ability and training and that at the front he is now working from between 8 and 9 p.m. until about eleven o'clock or midnight."

New York Herald (Paris Edition).

Yet some of his critics have tried to make us believe that those are just the hours that he devotes to bridge.

The Leather Bottel.

"We are now faced with a series of regulations so stringent that we shall have to drink with our shoes in our hands, like the Jews at the Feast of Passover." — *Morning Post.*

SPECIALITY TURNS FOR THE MUSIC-HALLS.

A WELL-KNOWN music-hall manager has stated that the most attractive sketch for a popular actor to produce on the Variety stage is one that displays him in what the public has come to regard as a characteristic situation. But in this age of condensation why not go further and have the situation without the sketch? We append a suggested programme, such as should prove an enormously popular success on these lines:—

THE COMEANSSEUM.

PREMIER VARIETY HOUSE.

Change of Programme Weekly.

Everything Else Strong.

Your favourite Artistes in their Speciality Stunts!

- (i) Sir GEORGE ALEXANDER will stand with his back against a chair or table, and relate a Ten-minutes' Anecdote (with French quotations) to a family circle of antagonistic vulgarians.

An Act without its equal for charm and deportment.

- (ii) Mr. FRED TERRY will give an exhibition of Ironie Bowing. The Navarre and Pimpernel Bows, etc. Also the Glad Eye as made at the Court of King Charles the Second.

- (iii) Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY, Champion Theatrical Prevaricator of Europe, will Lie.

- (iv) Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER will consume an entire Five-course Dinner, and simultaneously deliver a Monologue on the sins of Society.

(The only Actor who can be impressive *avec la louche pleine*.)

- (v) Mr. GERALDDU MAURIER (Lightning Mental Contortionist) will submit to cross-examination by a Committee of the Audience, and will undertake to recover from at least three damaging Admissions.

Also Back-slapping, Winking, and other popular features.

- (vi) Sir HERBERT TREE will imitate a Zeppelin located by search-lights.

- (vii) Finally Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL (Strength in Silence) will give a Dumb Show Illustration of the text: "It is better to be taciturn than beautiful."

A CHAT WITH SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

I AM an uncle. I don't say it in any boasting spirit, but simply to show you that I have a stake in the country. I found my nieces the other evening in the nursery.

Lillah, looking distressingly bored, was lying face downwards on the floor. Phyllis was putting the hands of the clock back, lest, as the ancients had it, bed-time anticipate her.

My arrival was not the signal for a furore.

"Here's Uncle James," said Lillah, without emotion, while Phyllis said nothing at all.

Luckily I knew the way to rouse them.

"Good evening, babies," I said.

When the uproar had died down they decided that I might be of some use.

"Tell us about the War," said Lillah.

"Yes," echoed Phyllis.

"The War," I began, "is a very terrible thing."

"That's what Mummie says," said Phyllis with an air of reproach.

I apologised for having pilfered someone else's *mot*.

"And Daddy says," added Lillah, with obvious effort, "it's a disgrace to sillyvisation."

"And he says, damme, he wishes he was a bit younger," said Phyllis with immense gravity.

"Daddy says," Lillah went on, "that we are fighting for the flag. Are we?"

"Certainly," I answered.

"Do the Germans want our flag?"

"They want everything."

"Why couldn't we give them one like it?" asked Phyllis with deadly common-sense.

"Because they can't even keep their own clean," said I.

"They could send it to the wash," pondered Lillah.

"They will have to," I answered grimly.

"Daddy says we are fighting for sillyvisation too. Are we?"

"Your father," I said, "is always right."

"I know," said Phyllis gravely. "I wanted to see if you knew."

"Your Uncle also," I said with hauteur, "is seldom wrong."

There was a ponderous silence.

"Mummie told Daddy," said Lillah, "that you weren't ever very bright."

"Oh, indeed!" said I. I shall say a few hard words to Margaret about that—putting ideas into the children's heads.

"And when we've won," said Phyllis, "will we have sillyvisation?"

"I hope so."

"What will it be like—a fairy-tale?"

"Very probably."

"Daddy says it's freedom. What's freedom?"

"Freedom," I said "is—er—being able to do what you like."

"Then won't there be any policemen after the War?"

"Oh yes, we shall keep the policemen."

"Why?"

"Because the streets would look so bare without them."

They looked at me with suspicion; even at that tender age they could not believe in an æsthetic ratepayer.

"Do people like the War?" said Phyllis.

"No," I answered. That was easy.

"Not even the Germans?"

"I think not."

"But if nobody made the big guns there wouldn't be any war?"

"Er—no," I said.

"Then why do people——?"

"Well—er——" I stopped. I could see that my last rags of reputation for brightness were going. I was in the Uncle's last ditch.

"When you are older," I began; but Lillah interrupted.

"And why don't policemen take the people who make the guns?" It was Phyllis's shot.

"And if nobody wants the War what makes it go on?"

"And if it's a disgrace," queried Lillah, "why does Daddy want to go?"

"And why," began Phyllis; but I put up my hand.

"One day," I said, "I must tell you the story of SOCRATES, who had to drink a very nasty medicine called hemlock."

"What for?" said Lillah.

"For asking too many questions," I said.

"Were the people who gave it to him the people who didn't know the answers?" said Lillah.

"Yes, they were," I said, as I rose.

I took out my watch.

"Good heavens, it's after bedtime!"

"Does your watch say right?" said Phyllis.

"It sometimes underestimates, but it never exaggerates," I said. At that moment Daddy himself appeared.

"Good-night chicks," he said. "Has Uncle James been amusing you?"

"We've been playing with him," said Lillah with gravity.

And if ever there was a *double entendre* I'll swear it was there. And so they went to bed.

"I don't know," I said to George as we went downstairs, "why you called your daughters Lillah and Phyllis; their real names are Scylla and Charybdis."

But George is a dull man, and simply said that Charybdis Watson would have sounded ridiculous.

SEASONABLE (?) NOVELTIES.

A CATALOGUE of Christmas toys contains a Mechanical Motor-accident and a Realistic Trench-warfare model, "with apparatus for Poison-Gas." Surely this method of preventing children's minds from dwelling upon the cheery side of life is capable of further extension, as under:—

THE FROZEN-PIPE DOLL'S HOUSE.—Charmingly-furnished six-room House, with complete model system of Leaking Pipes. Real Water can be made to run down the walls. Paper peels off, etc. Endless Fun for Young and Old. 7s. 6d. and 10s. 6d.

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IN FLANDERS FIELDS.

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

"Will this war bring us to Kidderminster?"
English Churchman.

Well, there are worse places than Kidderminster.



"COME ALONG, SLACKER, OR I'LL PUT LORD DERBY ON TO YOU!"

THE UBIQUITOUS SCOT.

WE learn from *The Daily Chronicle* that Mr. RICHARD NORTHCOTT has compiled and privately printed some notes on the life and operas of DONIZETTI, which establish the interesting fact that the composer's grandfather was one DONALD IZETT, a native of Perthshire, who went to Italy, when the name became "Donizetti."

GRIEG's Scottish origin—his forbears spelt it Greig—is already well known, but several other famous Italian musicians and poets also hailed from beyond the Tweed. Thus recent genealogical researches have revealed the interesting fact that BELLINI assumed that name as a tribute to the memory of his grandmother, who was born at Peebles, and whose maiden name was Belle Leney. VERDI's grandfather, who was out in the '15 as a Jacobite and took refuge as an exile in Italy, was a certain McIverdy, which was abbreviated in the next generation to the name associated with so many masterpieces of the lyric stage.

MASCAGNI, the composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana," had for his great-grandfather a native of Drumnadrochit, who rejoiced in the patronymic of MacSandy. He emigrated to Florence to spread the

cult of the bagpipes and soon adapted his surname to the euphonious form with which we are now familiar.

MASCAGNI's great rival, LEONCAVALLO, is, if not a pure Scotchman, at any rate a Scotch derivative. His father, a sturdy denizen of the Trossachs, who would be astonished could he but know of his son's musical genius, for he was at his best but a poor performer upon the pipes, was a prosperous crofter named Steed—Donald Steed. Greatly addicted to SHAKESPEARE, and especially *Macbeth*, his favourite saying was, "Lay on, Macduff"—so much so that his friends came to speak of him as "Lay on" Steed. When, later, his son moved on to Italy, in the inveterate Scotch way of getting farther and farther away from the native heath, he retained the affectionate and humorous preface by which the old man had been known, but gave the "Steed" its Italian equivalent—thus producing Leoncavallo, an interesting example of the evolution of a *nom de pays*.

It seems that two of the greatest Italian poets were also of Scots extraction, DANTE being a descendant of a Dundee jute merchant named Alec Gair, which on his becoming a resident in Florence was soon Italianized into ALIGHIERI; while PETRARCH's name is

merely a condensed form of the Christian name and first syllable of the surname of his father, Peter Archibald, a Scots soldier of fortune who first saw the light at Inverness.

Among modern Italian writers Scotland also holds her own. Signor D'ANNUNZIO, before he emigrated to Italy, was a young Aberdonian named Daniel McTavish, famous for a thousand firebrand tricks. Indeed, so great was his fame that he was known as Dan Nonesuch, and, on arriving in the new land of his adoption, he quickly Italianized this nickname into the world-wide style which we all know—D'ANNUNZIO.

The list might be indefinitely extended, but we may content ourselves by observing that Italy is not alone in her indebtedness to Scotland. The name of the great Trojan hero, HECTOR, clearly points to a Caledonian ancestor, and the imitation of Edinburgh which is furnished by the Acropolis leaps to the eye of every intelligent tourist.

A Snub for Posterity.

Extract from a letter signed "Nationalist" in *The Irish Times*:—

"Every eligible Irishman who emigrates, turns, whether or not he realizes it, a deaf ear to the cry for protection of unborn generations of Irishmen and Irishwomen."



Hospital Orderly (to inmate on "chicken diet"). "CHANGE FOR YOU TO-DAY, MATE. YOUR CHICKEN AIN'T RABBIT—IT'S FISH."

THE CONVERSATION BOOK.

I 'AVE a conversation book; I brought it out from 'ome,
It tells the French for knife an' fork an' likewise brush an'
comb;

It learns you 'ow to ast the time, the names of all the
stars,

An' 'ow to order hoysters an' 'ow to buy cigars.

But there ain't no shops to shop in, there ain't no grand
hotels,

When you spend your days in dugouts doin' 'olesale trade
in shells;

It's nice to know the proper talk for theatres an' such—
But when it comes to talkin', why, it doesn't 'elp you
much.

There's all them friendly kind o' things you'd naturally
say

When you meet a feller casual-like an' pass the time o'
day—

Them little things as breaks the ice an' kind o' clears the
air,

Which, when you turn the phrase book up, why, them
things isn't there!

I met a chap the other day a-roostin' in a trench,
'E didn't know a word of ours nor me a word o' French;
An' 'ow it was we managed, well, I cannot understand,
But I never used the phrase book, though I 'ad it in my
'and.

I winked at 'im to start with; 'e grinned from ear to ear;
An' 'e says "Tipperary" an' I says "Sooveneer";
'E 'ad my only Woodbine, I 'ad 'is thin cigar,
Which set the ball a-rollin', an' so—well, there you are!

I showed 'im next my wife an' kids, 'e up an' showed mē 'is,
Them little funny Frenchy kids with 'air all in a frizz;
"Annette," 'e says, "Louise," 'e says, an' 'is tears begun
to fall;

We was comrades when we parted, but we'd 'ardly spoke
at all.

'E'd 'ave kissed me if I'd let 'im, we 'ad never met before,
An' I've never seen the beggar since, for that's the way o'
war;

An', though we scarcely spoke a word, I wonder just the
same

If 'e'll ever see them kids of 'is . . . I never ast 'is name!

Another Impending Apology.

"It is worth nothing that Messrs. S. Pearson and Sons have lent
three of their directors to the Ministry of Munitions."

Daily Chronicle.

"WANTED for East Coast, Curate: One not afraid of occasional
bombardments. Apply Vicar."—*Church Times.*

"Why not install a canon?" asks the parson who sends
us the cutting. But perhaps so high a dignitary would not
pay sufficient attention to the Vicar's maxims.

"Outside, a pair of soldiers were playing shuttledore and battle-
cock."—*Hereford Times.*

A new game for the "Bantams," presumably.

From a description of a Budget Night at Westminster:—

"Some two thousand peers and diplomatists looked down from
their respective galleries upon an animated scene, their black coats
and white waistcoats, dotted with bald heads, and sprinkled with khaki
uniforms."—*Wanganui Chronicle, N.Z.*

This remarkable scene seems to have been overlooked by
our TOBY, M.P.



AN UNAUTHORISED FLIRTATION.

THE KAISER (to AUSTRIAN EMPEROR). "FRANZ! FRANZ! I'M SURPRISED AND PAINED."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Tuesday, November 30th.—Such a storm in a teapot! HOME SECRETARY, under misapprehension, made inaccurate allegation against *The Times*. Wrote immediately to that paper admitting his mistake and apologising. There, it might seem, matter would end. Those who anticipated such ordinary commonplace result don't know their *Times*. Here was opportunity for not only damaging a Minister but of securing bold advertisement far beyond possibilities of posters on the wall or displayed announcements in columns of contemporaries. *Times* accordingly daily hammered away at HOME SECRETARY, accusing him not only of malversation of fact but of disingenuousness and dishonesty in attempts to exonerate himself.

In such circumstances HOME SECRETARY's best friend might have whispered in his ear MELBOURNE's famous inquiry, "Why can't you leave it alone?" If advice given certainly not accepted. Questions over, HOME SECRETARY interposed with rejoinder that occupied more than a full hour's delivery.

Indiscretion contagious. Lord ROBERT CECIL interposed to "say a word about my own position." Impetuous MARKHAM created diversion by dragging on the scene MASTERMAN, of whom no one was thinking. DALZIEL told interesting little story as to how HOME SECRETARY, meeting a private Member in luncheon room on day fateful question was raised, concocted a little plot. JONES (of Merthyr), the private Member referred to, declared there wasn't a word of truth in the narrative.

"Dear me," said the MEMBER FOR SARK, looking up at clock pointing to hour at which adjournment must necessarily take place, "haven't I heard something about the country being engaged in greatest war ever waged since battles began? Isn't there something said about Serbia being wiped out under feet of Germany as was Belgium a year ago? Isn't there fighting in Flanders, peril in the East, decimation of dauntless heroes at the Dardanelles? What's this in today's Roll of Honour—killed and wounded 36 officers and 968 men? And here's the House of Commons spending a whole sitting in wrangling over personal questions."

As matter of fact the whole sitting,

full seven hours long, was not sufficient for high purpose to which it was devoted. Standing Order provides that, with specially decreed exceptions, proceedings may not continue beyond eleven o'clock. Accordingly debate raised by HOME SECRETARY stands on journals of House as "Adjourned."

Business done.—None. STANTON taking his seat as Member for Merthyr cheered from both sides. His victory regarded as pledge from unexpected quarter at whatever cost to carry on War to predestined end.



"MERTHYR WILL IN."

MR. G. ROBERTS AND MR. EDGAR JONES INTRODUCE A BIG 'UN—MR. C. B. STANTON FOR MERTHYR.

Wednesday.—PRIME MINISTER always at his best amid fusillade of questions, some pertinent, others impertinent. His "Wait and see" has become a classic, useful to minor humorists in the magazines or at parish meetings. His assurance that a certain matter brought to his notice is receiving his most careful consideration wards off a multitude of inconvenient inquiries.

To-day struck out a new phrase. Pressed to say whether if Parliament be adjourned before result of Lord DERBY's Recruiting Scheme is announced it will forthwith be summoned to consider the situation when the scheme is submitted.

"I can say no more," he gravely remarked, "than if and when the occasion contemplated by the Hon.

Member arises it will be for the Government to take such steps as they may consider suitable."

Whilst the Hon. Member was framing Supplementary Question next one on the Paper called by the SPEAKER, and his chance was gone.

Business done.—Increase of Rent Bill in tactful hands of capable WALTER LONG read a second time.

Thursday.—Interesting to observe how marked characteristics of a nation survive through the ages. More than a century ago CANNING, dropping into poetry, wrote:—

"In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
Is giving too little and asking too much."

In course of important debate on export of goods to neutral countries, a topic that attracted audience of twenty-nine Members, shown to-day that Holland is taking far too much in the way of linseed-oil and giving extremely little in way of explanation as to what eventually becomes of it. In first nine months of present year excess of export to Holland over similar periods before the War amounts to 29,000 tons. Shrewd suspicion that, in breach of international law, this surplus is re-exported to Germany, where it is found equal to supply starving population with material for 2,000 tons of margarine a week.

BIGLAND threw fresh light on problem of continuance of War.

"If," he said, speaking as one having authority, "we could prevent Germany from importing oil and fat the War would be over in seven months."

Business done.—A few small Bills advanced a stage. Got away home just before ten o'clock.

Pupils are Cheap To-day.

"PRIVATE School for Sale; 20 pupils; all included, £20."—*Birmingham Daily Mail*.

"We know of theatres where, in spite of increased prices, in the late afternoon and evening, it was a physical impossibility to pack another person into the house—and a good many were packed, nevertheless."

The Bioscope.

They were filmed first, we suppose.

"Home Government is considering the advisability of a forged loan."

Jamaica Daily Chronicle.

It is supposed that this startling and quite untruthful announcement was due to a misreading of the report that as Chancellor of the Exchequer Mr. McKENNA was "forging ahead."



PRUSSIANISED HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

SEQUEL TO A WELL-KNOWN STORY ABOUT KING ALFRED.

THE LUCK OF THE LIGHTHOUSE.

Crossley is an old friend of mine—we were at the same public school, where he went by the name of “Kinks”—but we hardly ever meet without arguing. He is quite sound about the War, the need of crushing Prussian militarism and so forth, but he has an unpleasant way of discounting all claims on behalf of the Allies to a greater humanity in the conduct of the War. His favourite phrase is “Six of one and half-a-dozen of the other.” When I met him at the club last week his candour was at high-water mark. When I quoted the latest instance of German frightfulness, he at once retorted, “Well, what about Louis XIV.?”

“Louis XIV.,” I cautiously replied, “flourished some two hundred and fifty years ago. But he wasn’t called the ‘Grand Monarque’ for nothing.”

“Oh, indeed,” said Crossley. “Perhaps you are not aware that he waged war with the utmost barbarity against the Dutch, the Austrians, and the Prussians?”

Now a knowledge of the campaigns of Louis XIV. is not my strong point, but by a pure piece of good luck I had

a stone in my sling which I discharged with great promptitude. Only a few days before I had been looking at the plates in *Turner’s Picturesque Views of the Southern Coast*, and had copied out a passage from the letterpress accompanying TURNER’S wonderful picture of the Eddystone Lighthouse. “Did you ever hear the story of Louis XIV. and the Eddystone Lighthouse?” I asked. “No,” said Crossley rudely, “nor yet the story of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR and the Crystal Palace; and I don’t see what on earth it has to do with the question.”

“You don’t? Very well then.” And I produced and read my extract, which runs as follows:—

“While the second Eddystone Lighthouse was being erected under Mr. Rudyard’s superintendence, a circumstance took place which may be thought to possess an interest that will justify its insertion on the authority of Mr. Smeaton. Louis XIV. being at war with England during the erection of this building, a French privateer took the men at work upon the Eddystone Rock, together with their tools, and carried them to France, when the Captain expected a reward for his achievement. While the captives lay in prison, the

transaction reached the ears of the French Monarch, who immediately ordered them to be released and the captors to be put in their places, declaring that, though he was at war with England, he was not so with mankind. He therefore directed the men to be sent back to their work with presents, observing that the Eddystone Lighthouse was so situated as to be of equal use to all nations.”

“Good egg,” observed Crossley, “or at least a good egg in parts.”

Commercial Candour.

“—’s DELICIOUS HAM AND TONGUE.

None like it in Leicester.”

Leicester Daily Mail.

“EASTERN THEATRE.

SERIOUS GERMAN REVERSE.

REUTERS’S SPECIAL WAR SERVICE.”
Grocott’s Penny Mail (South Africa).

The printer rose to the occasion.

“Mr. Long will move the second reading of the Government’s Bill to stop increases of rent in the House of Commons.”

Daily News.

In self-defence, we suppose, since the present Parliament proposes to occupy the premises for a longer period than was originally intended.



THE TWELVE VIRTUES OF CHAIRMAN.

No. 6.—Promotes geniality.

The virtues of Chairman are very real. It is most improbable that the genial and friendly feeling depicted above, or even the good fellowship of less unusual occasions, would be born of a poor or ordinary tobacco. The right atmosphere is created only by the best that tobacco has to give. That is Chairman.

And there is economy in it also. The difference in cost between Chairman and an ordinary tobacco—even a low-priced tobacco—is a few pence a week at the most. But the difference in satisfaction is so much greater that it far outweighs this small extra cost. It means an added pleasure with every pipe. Hours of it. Actually about six hours to the ounce, which makes Chairman one of the least

costly but most real and satisfying of the little pleasures of life.

Chairman is medium in strength, with a pleasing flavour and aroma and always cool to the tongue. Boardman's is the same tobacco milder, and Recorder the same but fuller flavoured.

These three brands are sold by all leading tobacconists and stores at 8d. per oz. in 1 and 2 oz. lead packets, and at 2/7 per ¼-lb. in ¼, ½ and 1-lb. tins.

Also sold by principal dealers in France, Norway, Sweden, India, Canada, Egypt, S. Africa New Zealand, and the Far East.

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POPE & BRADLEY

Civil, Military & Naval Tailors

Contractors for Officers' Equipment to the War Office.

SERVICE DRESS.

THERE is but one design for each garment of Officer's Kit, but there is an immensity of difference between the style imparted by the exclusive military tailor and those who have adopted this branch on the exigency of the moment. Only the finest quality khaki whipcords and baratheas are used, as the House is determined to maintain the reputation it has made, and refuses to supply Officers with any material or article of kit which cannot be absolutely guaranteed. The prices charged are reasonable because the House is one of the largest buyers of khaki in London.

Service Jackets	..	..	from	£3 13 6
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Bedford Cord Breeches (Buckskin Strapped)	..	..	..	£2 12 6
British Warm	..	..	..	£3 15 0
Waterproof Trencher	..	..	..	£5 15 6

New Naval and Military Kit List, containing particulars of every service requirement, will be forwarded upon application.

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provides SUPPLIES, and in many cases Staffs and Funds, for a large number of War Hospitals throughout France. They are in

URGENT NEED OF MONEY

and the following, among other, SUPPLIES: SHEETS, BLANKETS, TOWELS, SOCKS, VESTS, PANTS, HANDKERCHIEFS, MEDICAL STORES, SURGICAL DRESSINGS. There is also a great and urgent need of MOTOR AMBULANCES and X-Ray Automobiles.

Gifts of money or kind may be sent to the Hon. Secretary, 9 Knightsbridge, S.W. Cheques should be made payable to the Hon. Treasurer, French Red Cross, and may also be sent to the French Ambassador, Albert Gate, S.W., crossed "Croix Rouge." Hon. Auditors, Price, Waterhouse & Co., Bankers, London County and Westminster Bank. PHILIP A. WILKINS, Hon. Sec.

HOSPITALS AND CHARITIES.

Christmas Gifts are asked for a splendid work.

THE WAR

Has entailed a heavy burden on our Funds owing to increased cost of food & materials.

THE NATIONAL REFUGES AND TRAINING SHIPS

'Arethusa' & 'Chichester' have sent their Old Boys into 70 BRITISH REGIMENTS and into the vessels of the BRITISH FLEETS. Over 2,000 boys have joined the Royal Navy. 6,000 have entered the Merchant Service. 1,200 Boys and Girls now being maintained.

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includes Hospital in France, very numerous Rest Huts for Troops at Home and Abroad, Ambulance Cars and Kitchen Car at the Front, Canteens for Munition Workers, Parcels for Troops and Prisoners of War, and several other Branches.

PLEASE HELP US.

Cheques crossed "Barclays," to Prebendary Carlile, D.D., Hon. Chief Sec., Headquarters, Marble Arch, W.

THE MALLOCK-ARMSTRONG EAR-DEFENDER

(As Supplied to the Admiralty)

For prevention of Gun-Deafness
ORDINARY SOUNDS HEARD AS USUAL.



A pair in Pocket Case s. d. 4/2 post free Used by all branches of the Services.

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If you use Milkmaid Cream you use a cream that is absolutely pure—free from the slightest taint of preservatives—the richest, most delicious, most dependable cream you can buy anywhere

A fine food in summer, it is a vital food when the cold days come along—when the cost of ordinary dairy cream is quite prohibitive.

MILKMAID CREAM

Can be 'whipped' but can't be beaten.

Sold by all Grocers and Stores.
Cash Price: 5½d., 7d., & 11½d. per tin.

Nestlé's, 6 & 8 Eastcheap, E.C.

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KYNOCH CARTRIDGES

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"PRIMAX" 9/6
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Loaded with R. S. G.

No blowback—low recoil

Try a
COLMAN'S
MUSTARD BATH

Interesting booklet telling "why," sent post free on application to J. & J. Colman, Ltd., London, and Carrow Works, Norwich.

THE IMMINENT PROBLEM.

I SHUT up the catalogue hopelessly and put it on the table.

"As for me," I said firmly, "I have decided about my Christmas presents; I shall give everybody putties."

"You can't," said Barbara; "remember what Aunt Alicia said when she sent us the second-hand table-centre, 'It's not the gift, it is the spirit behind it.'"

I frowned.

"If your Aunt Alicia knew the spirit behind the coffee-machine she got from me last year——"

But Barbara cut me short.

"Your besetting sin," she said, "is laziness. What you ought to do is to find out people's tastes—and then the whole thing is perfectly simple."

"Putting that into practice," I rejoined rather bitterly, "what do you consider are the tastes of my nephew, Richard Edward Keith?"

"Poor little mite!" said Barbara. "Why, he's only eleven months old."

"For all that," I said, "his tastes may be very pronounced, for all you know. Bibs, for instance, may be like the collars I have seen advertised, which explain the wearer. 'The bib which proclaims the business baby,' or 'Smart gent's bib for the babe about town.'"

Barbara sighed.

"Children are certainly difficult," she said.

"Then," I went on, "there is Joan, who I admit is getting on and will never see five again; but she doesn't seem to have developed any tastes."

"Dolls," murmured Barbara.

"Joan already has twenty-seven," I answered. "Of course, if you like to encourage large families amongst women without independent means——"

"Don't be ridiculous," said Barbara.

"Well, there you are!" I returned.

"Put your theory into practice, and where are we?"

"I wasn't talking about babies," said Barbara.

"Considering," I answered, "that Christmas is a show run entirely for babies of all ages, I don't consider that you have the root of the matter in you."

"Well," she said, "adults can have their tastes studied, anyway."

"Do you think, Barbara," I remarked sternly, "that I am going to spend December going round like a private detective, spying on the little peculiarities of my friends? 'The innocent conceits that like a needless eye-glass or black patch give those who wear them harmless happiness.' Do you know who wrote that, Barbara?"



Hosier (displaying latest invention in collar-pins). "KEEPS COLLAR AND TIE IN PERFECT REPOSE, SIR. IT IS AN ESSENTIAL TO SMARTNESS OF APPEARANCE IN THE TRENCHES."

"GEORGE ELIOT," said Barbara promptly.

"Bother," I said; "I thought I could plough you on that one; and it isn't very helpful either, unless I give Richard a monocle and Joan a powder-puff."

"If Providence was really provident," began Barbara slowly, "babies would be labelled when they arrive."

"You mean," I said, "that it would appear in *The Times*: 'The wife of Marmaduke George Bone of a stock-broker.'"

"Something like that," she said.

"Or," I went on eagerly, "Of twins—a married woman and a fine church-warden.' My dear Barbara, what a splendid idea!"

"Of course," said Barbara, "if it turned out that it was going to be a burglar or something——"

I waved the objection aside.

"Oh," I said, "one would have to have a conventional phrase for that. People like the KAISER, for instance, would just get: 'The wife of F. Hohenzollern, Esq., of a great, great grief.' You see that would cover anything in the nature of a failure."

"And it would simplify Christmas amazingly," I added, "white spats for financiers, dolls' houses for married women, and some assorted women's movements for babies that were going to grow up into spinsters."

But meanwhile I don't know what to give either to Richard or to Joan.

AT THE FRONT.

WE are enjoying a rest.

There can be no doubt about this, because we have been told we are, on very high authority.

When the British soldier has been into trenches and out again, with an occasional battle to break the monotony, for a period of fifteen months he always gets a rest.

To a rest two items are indispensable:—

1. Mud.
2. A nine-hours' day.

Only a few days ago we did not know this. When they told us we were going to be rested, though we did not believe it for a moment, we imagined that rest consisted in long hours of sleep, warm comfortable billets, perhaps a dinner or a matinee now and again, and a few bright, brief and brotherly parades.

Then we were sentenced to rest. We marched deliberately out of a civilized town to a soggy malodorous marsh, where some war-weary A.S.C. driver had got tired of the tents he was carrying, and dropped them disgustedly into a couple of feet of mud, hoping no one would notice.

But no, the eagle eye of some red-spangled controller of our destinies spotted the jettison and said, "It's a rest camp!"

And that is how we came to be where we are.

There are no temptations. The mud is not deep enough to drown oneself, and no good soldier ever uses his rifle or side-arm to commit suicide with.

For two days we lay in a condition of bleak and comatose resignation, while our complaints passed through the usual official channels to the usual official terminus. (Wicker, 2s. 6½d.)

On the third day we received our programme. It provided for nine hours' military training *per diem*—with intervals for meals; for there was this generosity in their justice—we were not required to do the nine hours straight off. This routine began at daylight and ended at dusk.

In case any slacker should be cast down by this prospect, the very Exalted and Benevolent Person who had planned the Rest visited us and assured us that this was to be a complete vacation; that the men were to be encouraged to play football and hold sing-songs after afternoon parade. Singing and football, it appeared, would keep the men thoroughly cheerful. The idea was, of course, quite new to us. We asked him how many hours after dusk he would like the men to sing for; and when he had gone away we indented

for luminous footballs. But we regret to report that there have already been several cases of men not singing either on the line of march or during the leisurely evening hours which should be given over to harmless revelry. Footballs of the required type, moreover, have as yet not been forwarded to us.

Fortunately, however, we have numerous other healthy occupations in our copious spare time. We are kept busy by all sorts of red-hatted explorers whose curiosity goads them into visiting the less wet parts of the Rest Camp, and, after complaining that we have allowed it to get into a disgraceful condition, inquiring—(a) Why we do not build huts? (b) What is the ration of candles and pepper per man? (c) Why we do not take more care of the men's health? (d) Why we mollycoddle the men? and, lastly and most humorously—(e) Whether we have any complaints, and if we have why we have not forwarded them to the Proper Quarter?

It is stated, but unconfirmed, that one of our newest subalterns met some Commander-in-Chief or something the other day and was asked by him in the intervals of saluting what was the extent of the field-ration; whereon he replied, "Three ounces." The General clicked his teeth smartly and asked the subaltern whether *that* was all he knew about fuel; and the subaltern said that in the trenches indeed the men got two pounds and a half and in billets four pounds, but in this deleted spot it wouldn't run to more than three ounces, and you had to steal that. As the subaltern is still uncashiered these exchanges may not be as reported. The men surveyed their new home on arrival in silent bewilderment. They received the programme without comment. It took two hours' tactical training of five units to extract from Private Thomas, who commonly speaks the public mind, the observation, addressed to the four winds during an "easy": "And to think that there's some as would spoil an 'eavenly 'oliday like this 'ere with grousins'!"

THE WAR POEM.

THE Senior Watch-keeper sat at the Ward Room table busily biting a penholder as he stared at a sheet of foolscap.

"What's up?" asked the Paymaster.

"I've got an idea. It's a deuce of an idea. Poem, you know. The sort of thing to shake people up. Buck up recruiting. Give people to think furiously and all that sort of thing," replied the scribe.

"Good on you," said No. 1. "Want any help?"

"Yes, you can all lend a hand. You see the idea of it is to show the bounders at home the unity of the enemy and their enthusiasm for war. How they all think alike and their singleness of purpose. The sort of thing that soldier Johnnie did, the sportsman who wrote about steam-engines and things."

"RUDYARD KIPLING," hazarded the "Pay."

"That's him," said the poet. "I want lots of names of German places so as to show people what they are doing all over the world. How's this for a start—

"In Walfisch Bay I heard them say?"

"There's a real swing about that," said No. 1, "but it's not German."

"What's not German?"

"Walfisch Bay."

"I don't see how I can alter that line," said the poet with firmness. "Who's to know I didn't hear Germans talking there?"

"How would this do for a start"—from the "Pay"—

"Across the bund at Swakopmund?"

"Who knows if they have a bund?" objected the poet. "I must be accurate to have any world-influence. Give us some more good German names."

"Dar es Salaam," from No. 1.

"Rotten," said the poet. "That's Arabic, and no decent poem could fit it in anywhere."

"Well," said the "Pay," "here's another start:—

"It fills my soul with mournful wonder
That Huns still walk the Apollo Bunder."

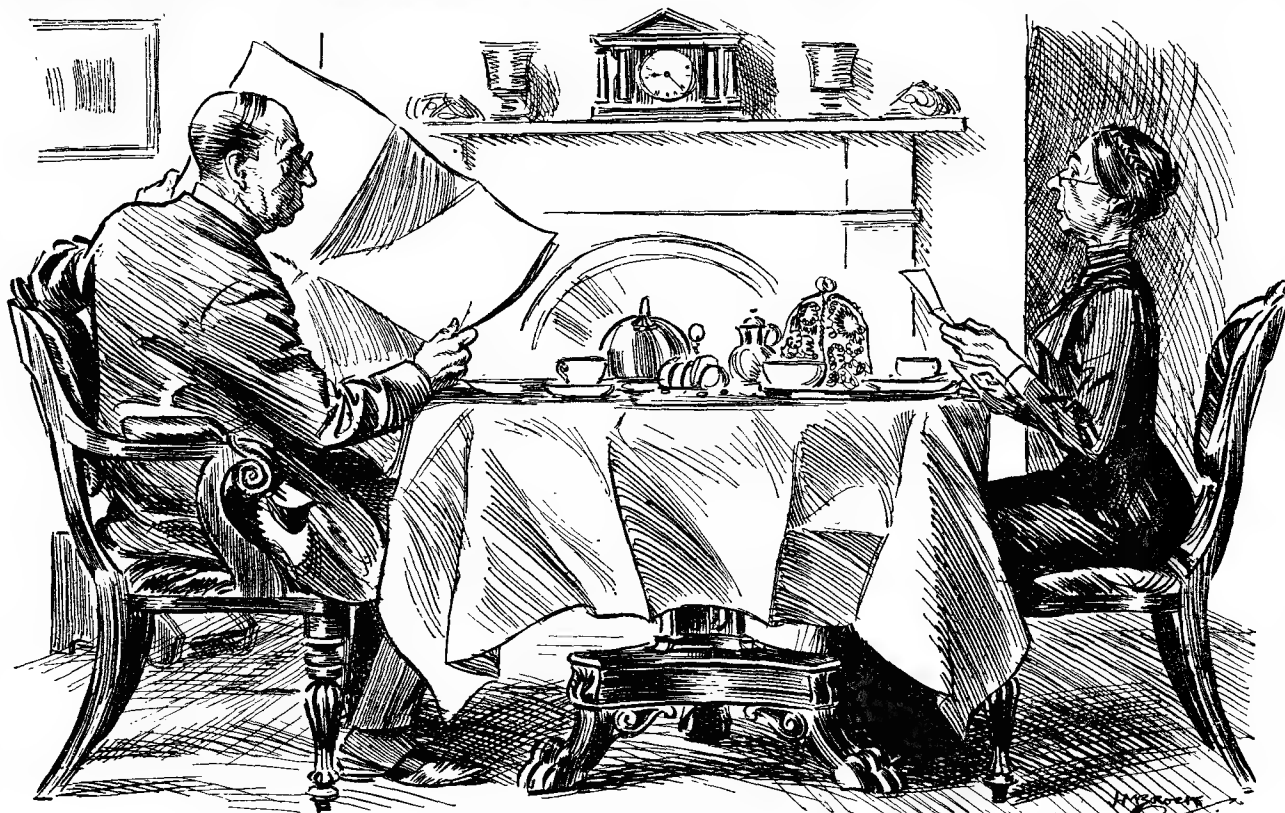
The poet was inclined to doubt the accuracy of this statement and also rejected it as not within the immediate scope of his endeavour.

"There are lots of Germans in Shanghai," interrupted the young Doctor, "and in Hong Kong, the Governor—"

The poet remarked with considerable dignity that he was not starting a Limerick competition. No doubt the eccentricity of old gentlemen from Peru or the levity of young ladies from Balham might lend themselves to humorous metrical treatment for the amusement of callow medical students in peace, but what lots of people didn't yet realise was the fact that we were at war.

I ventured to break the sticky silence by politely asking if he thought the poem would take him long.

"Not if silly asses don't interrupt," he said. "When I once get started, it'll come easy enough. It's all here," he added, tapping his forehead. "It'll



Mr. Pessimist (cheering up for once). "BRITISH MESOPOTAMIAN SUCCESS."

Mrs. Pessimist. "THAT'S THE WORST OF IT. THEY MESS UP ALL THEIR SUCCESSES."

be a bit soul-stirring when finished. I'll get on with it now so as to clew it up before turning in."

At breakfast the Corporal of Ward Room Servants asked if the piece of paper he had just picked up from under my chair were mine.

Thereon was written:—

In Walfisch Bay I heard them say,
I heard them say in Walfisch Bay.

The poet had clew'd up before turning in.

Great talkers these Germans.

"Mr. BRYCE feared that business would be strangled by the excess profits tax, as in many cases the money to pay it would have to be buried."—*Morning Paper*.

Doubtless a development of intensive culture. The buried talent has hitherto been considered unproductive.

"Steeplejack wanted. Top price to a really good man."—*Provincial Paper*.

In this trade there is always room at the top.

"Wanted a Greyhound, preferred black, height 75 to 80in., male, thoroughbred.—Full particulars to be sent to Miss —, Rotterdam, Holland."—*Our Dogs*.

Dutch hares had better look out when the 6ft. 8in. greyhound lands on their shores.

THE LAST CHANCE.

(A Romance à la mode.)

A GUSTY rollicking wind screamed and whistled over the long white road that curled like a ribbon on the bare face of the moorland, buffeting and swaying a man and a girl who struggled against it. The man's eyes, hardened to all weathers by long spells in the trenches, swept keenly and searchingly, almost fearfully, over the waste, as if he were looking for something he feared was not there, some help, perhaps, some opportunity. His uniform and his scars showed that he had faced his country's enemies; but here, on an English moor, he was palpably a prey to nervousness. Tension and the consciousness of approaching crisis were written in the set of his jaw and on every line of his lean sunburnt face; at times the blood throbbed painfully in his temples as a gust of hopelessness swept over him, a suffocating dread that this, his last afternoon of leave, was to be irrevocably ruined, to remain a memory to shrink from all his days. Had he looked at his companion he might have seen the questioning, sympathetic, perhaps pleading expression in her eyes; but his gaze seemed riveted on the roadside.

And then suddenly, in a little hollow

beside the road, a mere furrow in the heather, he flung himself on his knees and looked towards her dumbly, beseechingly; and she stood above him, a slender figure, her skirts spread round him by the wind, and the face that she bent towards him was anxious, pitying, almost motherly. And then with steady hand, albeit a trembling heart, while she held her breath, he struck his last match, and lit a pipe of Benodoro tobacco; flushed and triumphant he rose, and she, cheeks aflame and eyes shining with the glory of desire satisfied, lit her Benodoro cigarette at the glow. [ADVT.]

Commercial Candour.

A Bombay merchant advertises:—

"This butter, manufactured from the best cream, will stand any high temperature if kept in a cool place."

"Certificated merchant captains and officers should not enlist having regard to the paramount importance of maintaining British sipping."—*Glasgow Herald*.

A nasty one for Lord D'ABERNON.

"The Germans [in East Africa] were in possession of heliographic plant which they used both day and night."

Manchester Guardian.

As the Irish emigrant said of England: "The sun shines always there."

CONSTABULARY TACT.

WE emerge from the police-station and fall into step together as we start our beat.

"I can't spare time to go to the police court this week," says my comrade.

"Nor I; but it would be just our luck if something turned up to-night."

"Well, we must be tactful."

"That's it—courtesy and tact. Unless there's a murder."

We are just exchanging the War yarns of the day when a loud shouting is heard from a side-street.

"I'm afraid that's on our beat," I murmur. "Let's walk slowly so that they can see us coming."

Very majestically we march down, making as much noise as possible; but the row made by the combatants is so great that they don't hear us.

Let me describe the military position. The entrance to the fort—a small house—is guarded by a lady in mysterious white attire armed with a saucepan. From the fact that she has bare feet I judge that a night alarm has turned out the guard. The slip of garden in front is held by a gentleman simply attired in a pair of trousers and braces. The temperature is about 40. The moral temperature a little above 212. A stout lady leads the attacking party. The garden gate is either jammed or locked and she is making valiant efforts to get over the fence. Behind her a gentleman, who combines in his attire a frock-coat, carpet slippers, and a red cricket cap, acts as support. A subtle odour of beer pervades the air.

"Now then now then—what's all this?" we say genially but firmly.

The stout lady tumbles back from the fence.

"She called my son a German swine," she says, pointing an accusing finger at the lady in white, "and 'im been twice wounded and once gassed."

One felt that the lady in white lacked discrimination in abuse.

"I called 'er a German swine," protests the lady in white.

"We got evidence ter prove it," says trousers plus braces.

"You called - my - son - a - German - swine," says Frock Coat with tremendous emphasis. "I'm a Briton, I am. I got British blood in me, and when a man stands on my feet I let 'im 'ave it."

"Er," says the stout lady—"I'll push her face in, I will."

She makes another effort to scale the fence.

"I've got evidence ter prove that she called my son a German swine," says

Frock Coat, tapping me confidentially on the shoulder.

"'Oo stole the rent-book?" says the lady in white, suddenly changing the subject.

The stout lady, driven to fury by this remark, tries to flop over the fence. The moment for tact has arrived. I take her and Frock Coat by the arms. "I can't hear what you say because of the wretched noise those people make. Come up the street and tell me all about it."

I walk up the street gripping the stout lady firmly, for I feel that she is the dangerous explosive.

"Now, Mother," I say, when she is at the corner, "why should a respectable lady like you lower herself to speak to a woman like that?"

"Ah, you're a gentleman, you are. You see 'er in 'er true colours at once." She begins a lurid biography of the lady in white—who ought, I feel, to have been dressed in red. Frock Coat taps me on the shoulders after each statement and says, "I got evidence ter prove it."

"We was talking it over in bed," says the stout lady, "and it come over me that I must get up and tell 'er what she was. Calling a wounded 'ero a German swine!"

"We got evidence ter prove it," persists Frock Coat.

"Well, Mother, suppose you go back to bed. If you touch that woman and she gives you in charge, I'll have to run you in. Now it would pain me awfully to run in a lady like you."

"I'm a Briton," says Frock Coat. "I got a Briton's feelings and evidence."

"And a weak ches'," says the stout lady.

I jump at the point. "Out on a cold night like this. What will you say to your brave son, Ma, if his father gets pneumonia?"

"Albert, go in at once," orders the stout lady.

The stout lady pauses on the doorstep. "To-morrow, I'll go round and tell 'er jus' what you said about 'er, an' smash 'er bloomin' winders."

I wait for my colleague. He comes up radiating tact.

"What did you do with the others?"

"Oh, told them not to get mixed up with a low lot like that. Now they're safe in bed."

"The other lady's going round to smash their windows to-morrow."

"That's all right," says my unscrupulous colleague. "We're not on duty then. Wonderful what a bit of tact does."

We pace the darkened streets meditating on the advantages of tact.

"PI."

(An Indian Dog.)

UP in the hills, some seasons ago,
A half-caste dog-thief had me on show;
And you'd never suspect, to see me now,
That I went those days by the name
of "Chow";

Irish and Airedale and more am I,
But mostly bazaar-dog—call it "pi."

Black of coat with a vest of white
And nothing about me approaching
right,

An Irish head and a curling tail,
And legs that haven't been drawn to
scale;

So I was when the man came by
And, knowing his business, bought
this pi.

I'm not very clever; I do no tricks;
I sleep and swallow enough for six;
And when we go out on the hunt for
jack

I'm always in at the tail of the pack;
But I've still got teeth for him who'd
try

To burgle the house in charge of the pi.

English dogs, six months in the year,
Look at me sniffing and say, "What's
here?"

But my reply to each lordly pup
Is "Patience, my lad, till the days
heat up."

Then short is their breath and glazed
their eye,
But I'm quite happy—for I'm a pi.

When your terrier's down with a score
of ills

And retriever and spaniel must off to
the Hills,

When the Memsahib's gone and the
punkahs play

And the nights are longer and worse
than day,

Into my kingdom then come I,
And Master says, "Thank God for
the pi."

We boast no morals, we claim no birth,
And our figures are often a source of
mirth;

But we're always cheery, we don't go
wrong,

We'll love you kindly and love you
long;

And you'll find out here that it's best
to buy

The dog of the country—and that's
the pi.

"Charming old Smuggler's Cottage, modernised (Kent); suit officer's wife."

Morning Paper.

But if we are to gather that the fascinating owner goes with the premises the officer, especially if he is a Custom House Officer, might have other views.



A PROMISING TRENCH FIGHTER.

Instructor. "FLYNN, YE'VE NOT BEEN ATTENDING. WHAT DO YE KNOW, NOW, WITH ALL THE INSTRUCTION I'M AFTHER GIVING?"

Private Flynn. "OCH, WELL, I KNOW IF YE'D WANT TO HIT A MAN OVER THE HEAD, IT'S THE THICK IND YE'D BE DOIN' UT WITH."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

OBVIOUSLY at this time there is very little new to be said about so established a classic as Sir SIDNEY LEE's *Life of Shakespeare*. One can but give it the salute to which its rank and record entitle it. The occasion of the salute is its reappearance, revised and enlarged by the author, and equipped by Messrs. SMITH, ELDER in the attractive bravery of reset type. Since the first edition appeared in November, 1898, Shakespearean research has been both active and fruitful; the resulting fresh knowledge, gained by Sir SIDNEY himself or by the fellow-workers to whom his Preface pays tribute, has been embodied in the present volume. Especially is this the case with the documents that elucidate the stage-history of the Elizabethan era. There is also a fund of highly interesting information derived by the author while the volume was in course of preparation from the archives at Stratford and from the wills at Somerset House of SHAKESPEARE'S Stratford friends. An examination of them seems one of the things that one is astonished to hear no one else had previously thought of doing. Anyhow, here are the results, adding greatly to the value of a book of which the publishers state their belief that it "makes a direct personal appeal at this period of British history to every reader of British nationality." And so say all of us! Presumptuous as it may appear to question the annexation policy of the official poetry department at Berlin, the undeniable fact remains that, in spite of all posthumous temptations, the author of *Henry V.*

remains an Englishman. So Sir SIDNEY LEE's reminder of this comes, especially at the season of book-buying for Christmas, at a timely hour.

Through a long cheerful life Lord REDESDALE has known more of men and cities than did ULYSSES. He has studied both with keen eyes, and is happily gifted with a picturesque style that presents his recollections in vivid form. He is old enough to have seen LOUIS PHILIPPE strolling along the terrace of the Tuilleries. He knew Countess CASTIGLIONE, whose vaporous drapery, displayed at a ball at the Tuilleries, shocked the EMPRESS EUGENIE. He saw the funeral procession of the Duke of WELLINGTON and the fight between HEENAN and SAYERS. He was at Eton in HAWTREY'S time and at Oxford in PUSEY'S. He shot four buffaloes in the Far West and played the cornet at the HANDEL Festival. He was an intimate friend of KING EDWARD VII., to whose memory he devotes an illuminating chapter. He knew ABD EL KAEER, the famous Arab chief who fought France for years. He was intimate with RICHARD BURTON and looked in upon BRIGHAM YOUNG at Salt Lake City. One of the most charming of his personal recollections recalls a visit to GARIBALDI at Capri. In a brief sentence he strikes the keynote of the Liberator's character: "Simplicity combined with great dignity." He was on intimate terms with WHISTLER, CARLYLE, ROSSETTI, FREDERICK LEIGHTON, DISRAELI, Lord HENRY LENNOX, Lord WOLSELEY and Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. Here is a marvellous, perhaps unique, portrait gallery. Round it linger vivid *Memories*, which Messrs. HUTCHINSON publish in two portly volumes. Temptation to

quote is hard to resist, but space in Mr. Punch's Booking Office is limited. One quotation appreciated by the Young Men seated to-day round the Old Mahogany Tree, under whose shade F. C. B. for many years presided, must be given. Writing of schoolmates at Eton Lord REDESDALE says: "I must mention Sir FRANCIS BURNAND, who for so many years led the merriment of the nation. Did I talk of memories? Here at least is no memory, but a Happy Thought, for he still lives as gay, as bright, as laughter-loving and laughter-compelling as when he was a Fourth Form Boy. He remains the real *Peter Pan*, the boy who will never grow old." Of his many lifelike portraits the most attractive is that of the author himself. Undesignedly he makes the reader acquainted with a light-hearted, straightforward, resourceful man with a keen sense of humour. Of his genial nature it suffices to say that, dealing with a multitude of men over the space of 796 pages, he sharply criticises only two. They are wider than Poles asunder. One was Lord JOHN RUSSELL; the other—OSCAR WILDE.

Mr. JEFFREY FARNOL, deserting the present age, from which he has already extracted so many best-sellers, has now turned his attention to the fruitful fields of historical romance. The accuracy of the history of *Beltane the Smith* (SAMPSON LOW) is a matter that need not detain us; as for the romance Mr. FARNOL's countless admirers will not need to be told that this is laid on with no niggardly hand. There are fights and escapes, tortures and love-making to satisfy the most exacting; everything in short that the public demands from its costume-fiction Mr. FARNOL sees that it gets in good measure. Even the chapter-headings begin with that delightful adverb "How," a pleasant trick that has thrilled me since I first met with it in *Windsor Castle*. I need not conduct you through all the tale of *Beltane's* adventures. There's lots and lots of it; beginning with "How Beltane lived within the Greenwood" (mark me that word "Greenwood!") and ending with "How they came to Pentavalar City," and "in the moonlit dusk she gave her lips to his." But of course before this happened there was the villain, a right caittiff varlet named *Pertolepe the Red*, to be overcome in fair fight, then spared with that super-sportsmanship that always sways the hero in the early chapters of books of this sort, then to gain, as villains will, a temporary but terrific ascendancy and finally—but I must not discount the satisfaction of that finally. In short a pleasant yarn of its not very unfamiliar kind; and if at times you feel that its wanderings have not taken you further from Wardour Street than, say, Soho Square, this but giveth a heartening sense of security to the timorous. Beshrew me! Master FARNOL, but so jocund a screed should be a-printing from now till Candlemas. Marry come up!

I have not the pleasure of Mr. ALFRED CAPPER's acquaintance, but, after reading his *A Rambler's Recollections and Reflections* (ALLEN AND UNWIN), I wish I had; for the impression I get from that book is that he is an extremely good sort and just the man to have by one to

while away a dull evening. In the matter of books of reminiscences I am a little exacting. It is seldom that the power of the human "I" is able to hold me. I turn away and browse on fiction. But in Mr. CAPPER's bulky volume there is an unaffected gaiety which made me feel, when I came to the last page, as if I had been turned out of a cosy club on a winter night after listening to the discursive conversation of a man with a pleasant voice, a wide experience of men and cities, and a keen sense of humour. In his capacity of Thought-reader Extraordinary to the civilised world, Mr. CAPPER has been everywhere, met everybody, and seen everything; and the cream of his memories is contained in this book. Both as an entertainer and as a collector of things worth remembering he has had unique advantages, for his is a performance which appeals to every class and nationality; and we have his word for it that he was just as big a success among the Tamil coolies as at Marlborough House. Naturally, thirty years of this sort of thing put a man in an excellent position as a *raconteur*. These are hard times, when ten-and-sixpence is ten-and-sixpence, but I think I can conscientiously

recommend the investment of that sum in Mr. CAPPER.



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In a world of flux and uncertainty it is good to be able to count on something; more particularly as in London, in the month of December, one assuredly cannot count upon the rising of the sun. But that "C. E. B." will have a copy of verses in *The Evening News* is beyond question. Come rain, come shine, there is his punctual Muse, always alert, always pointed, always ingenious and urbane. Such of the verses by "C. E. B." (who is also, be it known, "Touchstone" in *The Daily Mail*) as bear upon the War he has now collected in a

little shilling volume entitled, *Fife and Drum* (SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co.), and I have found them as excellent in their re-reading as when I conned them first. May their author long continue to be one of the marvels of his age!

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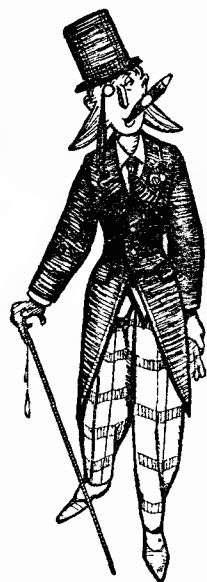
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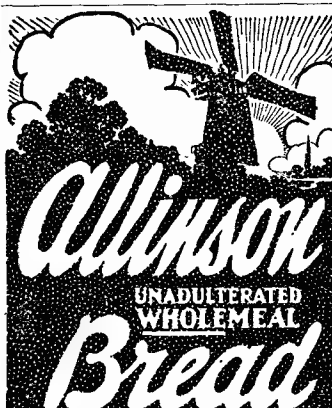
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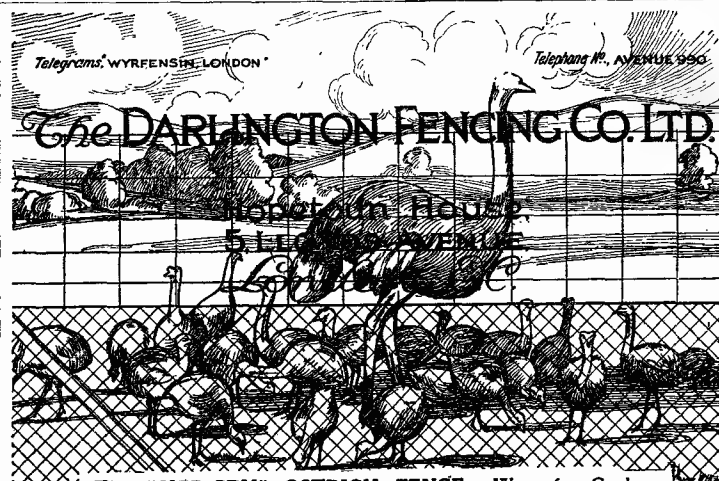
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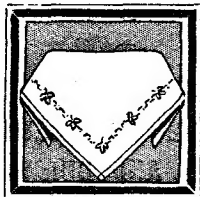
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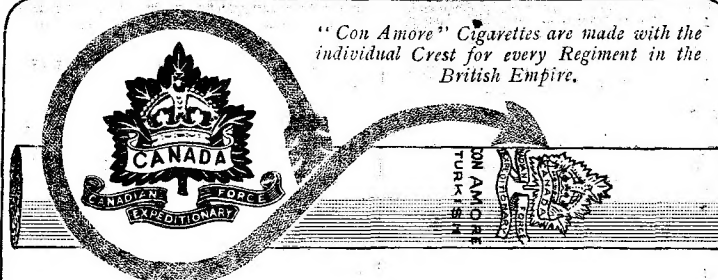
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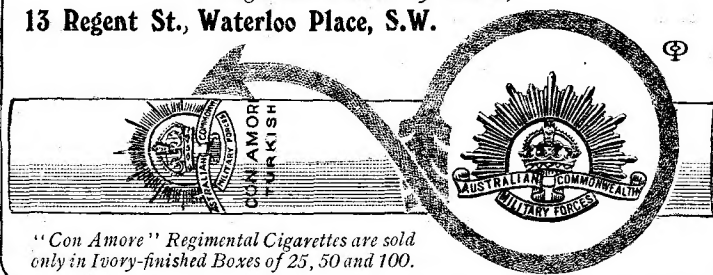
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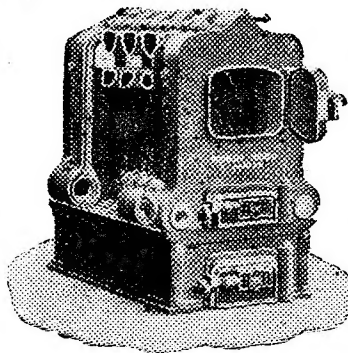
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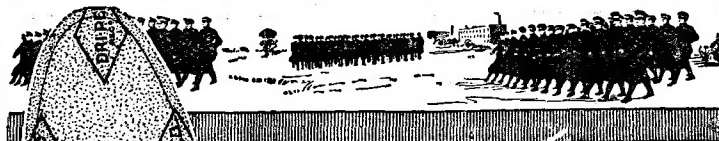
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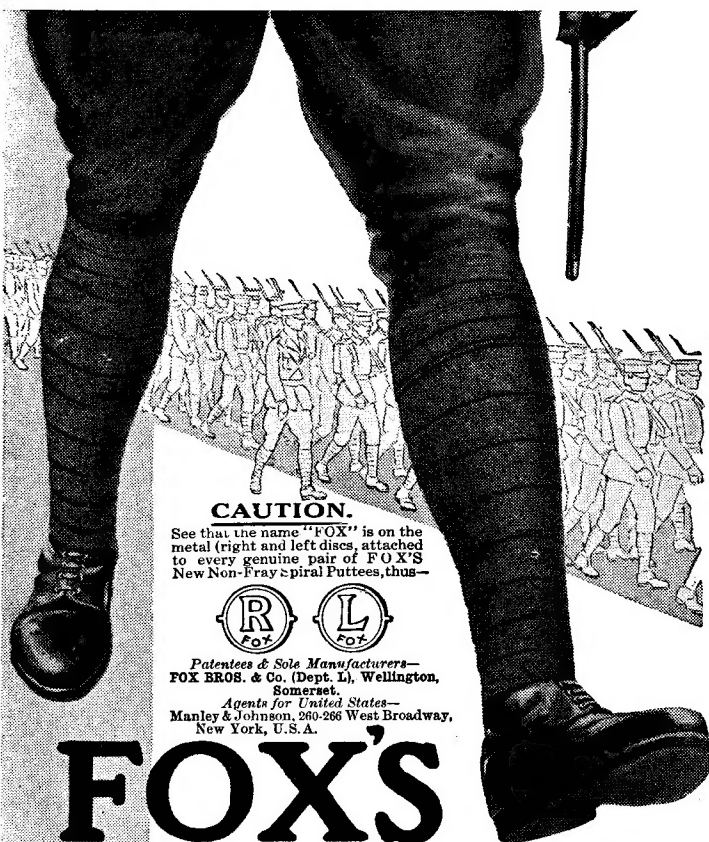
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